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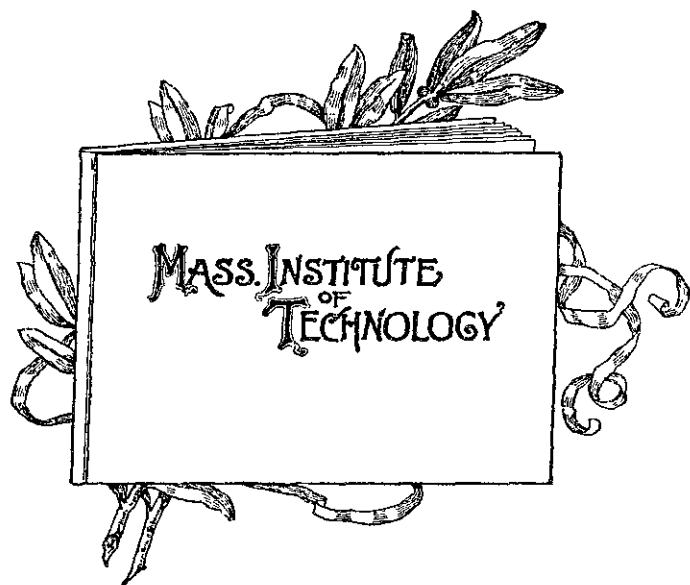
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| 7. Mining Laboratory, R. B.         | 14. Architects' Drawing Room, N. B. |                                          |

\* Rogers Building.

† New Building

The plates are  $6\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$ , and the book is  $8 \times 10$ , bound handsomely in leatherette and lettered in gold. As it is sold by subscription, but few extra copies will be offered for sale. Subscriptions will be filled in the order of receipt, to the limit of the edition. Price, \$1.50 per copy. Orders by mail may be addressed to—

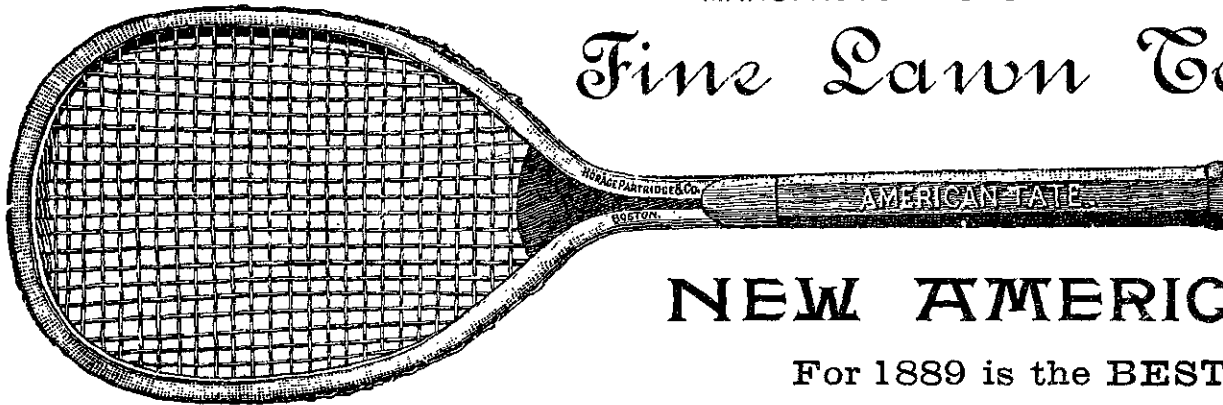
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An ordinary thermometer is almost worthless. It is so small that you can only see it upon close examination, and this makes it not the servant of your daily needs, but a minister to your occasional curiosity.

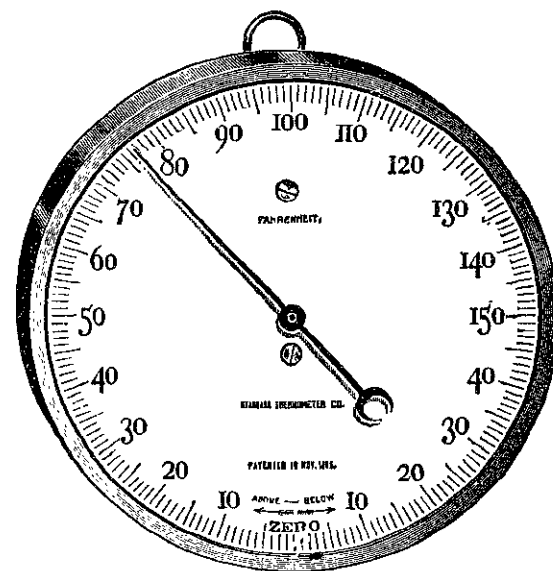
It is of use only when you see it. How often is that? You never see it until uncomfortably reminded by your condition. Really, your own body is the thermometer you are using, and it is an expensive one to use.

You take cold when you're not thinking. The Standard Thermometer stares you in the face, and makes you think. Your coughs and colds will almost cease when you use a Dial Thermometer.

With a clock in the room, you know the time instinctively. Without meaning to look at its face, you see it constantly. What is true of time is true of temperature. You see the great needle more easily than a clock. In a week you are so familiar with its position that a variation of two degrees arrests your attention at once. You act in time. It saves a dozen colds a year. It saves fuel. It saves doctor's bills, and makes the whole family comfortable.

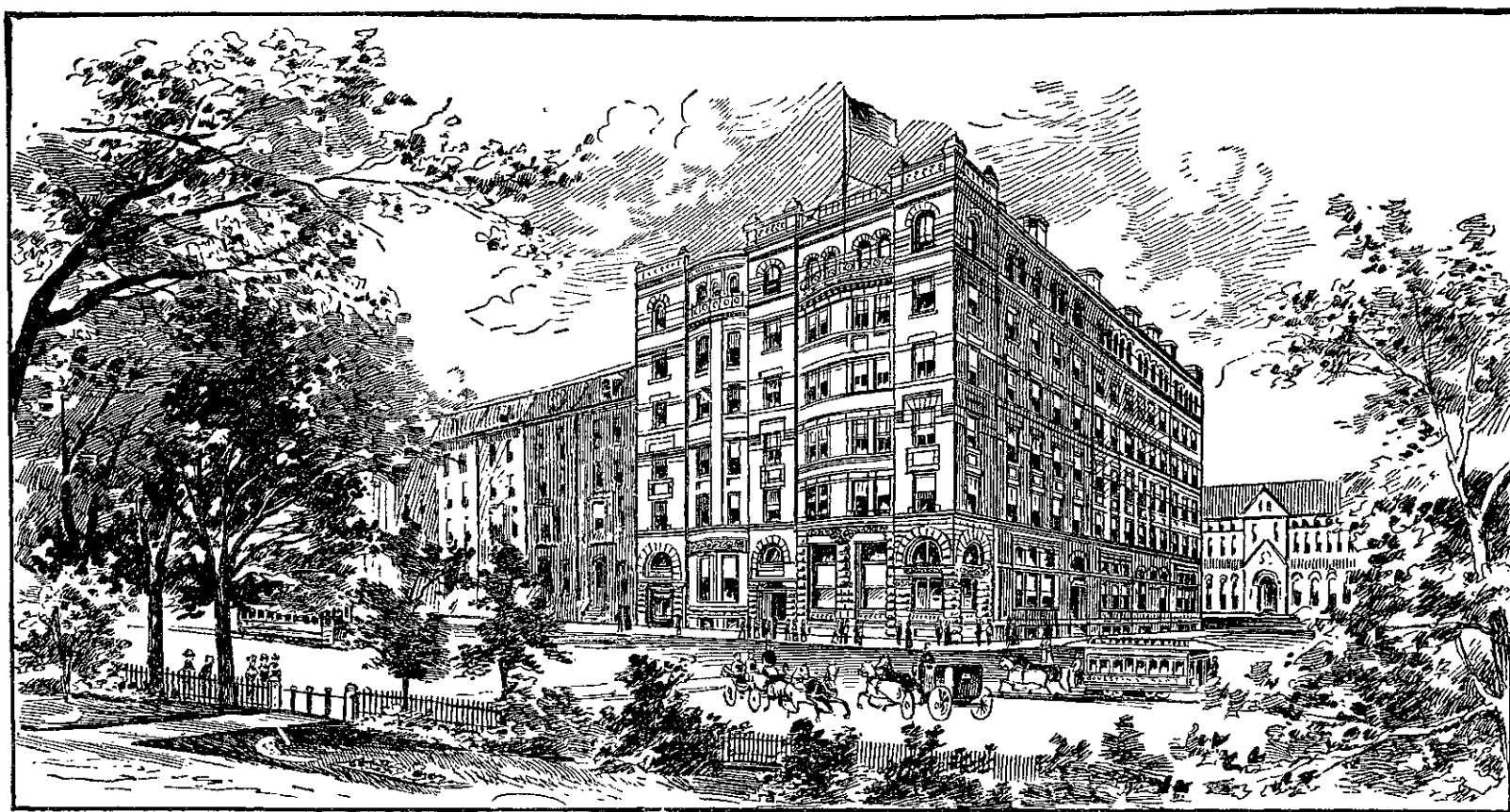
Half of all sickness begins with a cold. Stop the cold and the sickness is arrested. One cold stopped more than pays for the thermometer.

The thermometer costs \$2.50, but, as it lasts a lifetime, it really costs only a few cents a year. The whole household enjoys it, and the health of every member of the family is the better for it.



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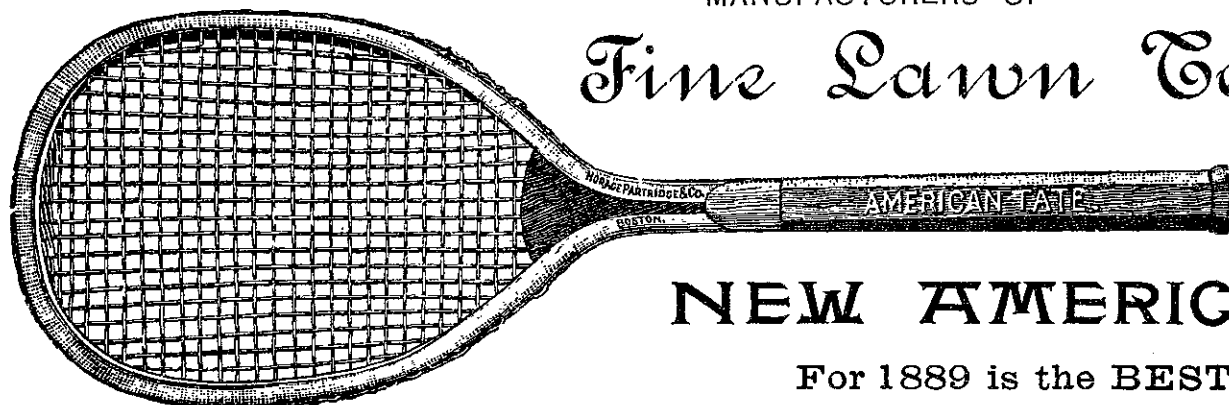
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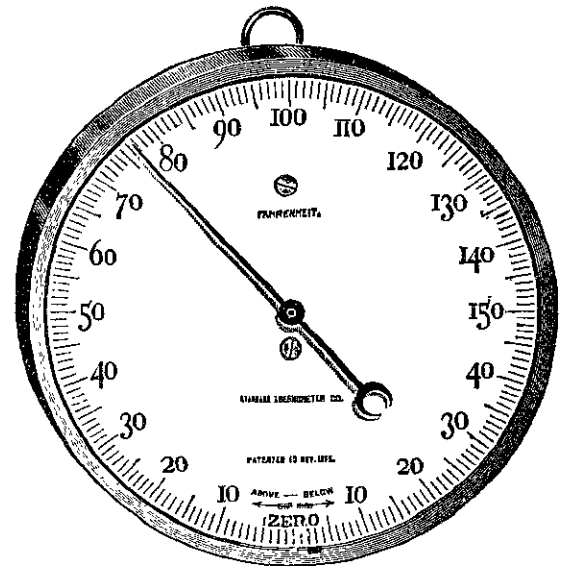
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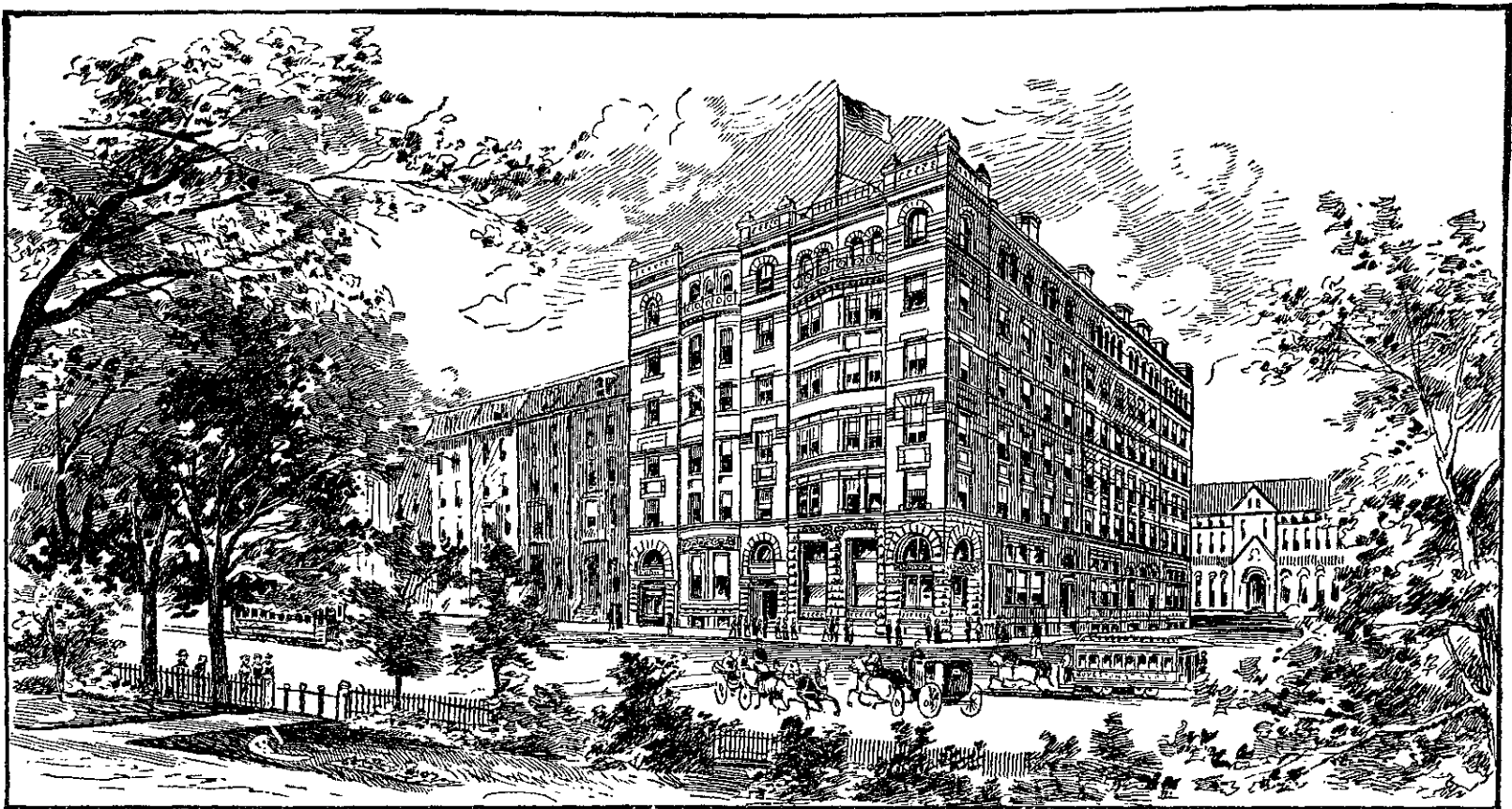
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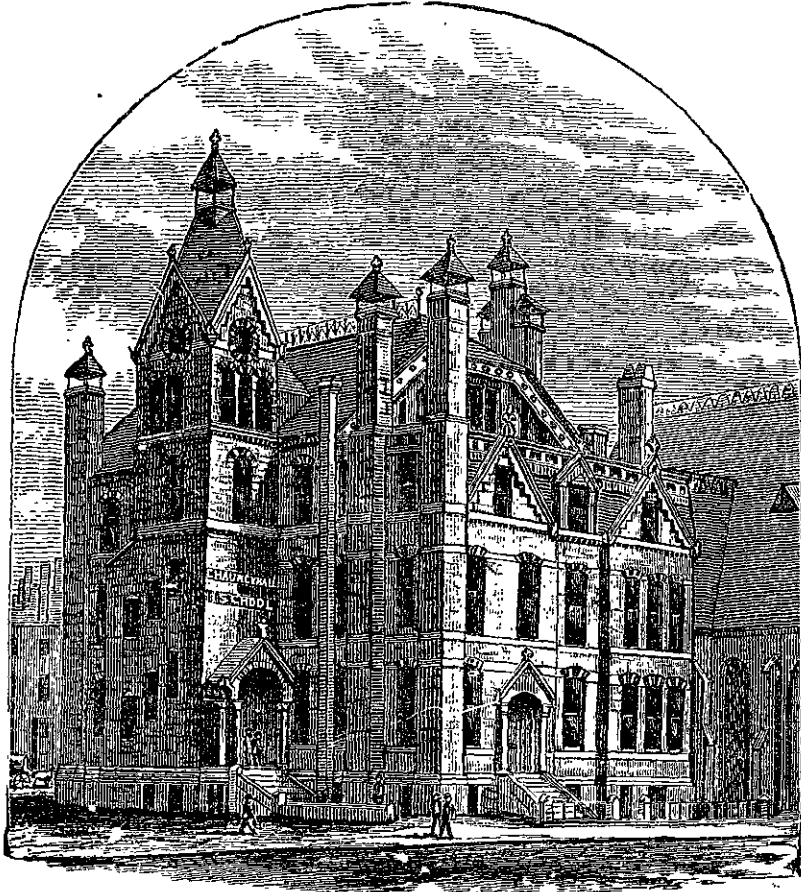
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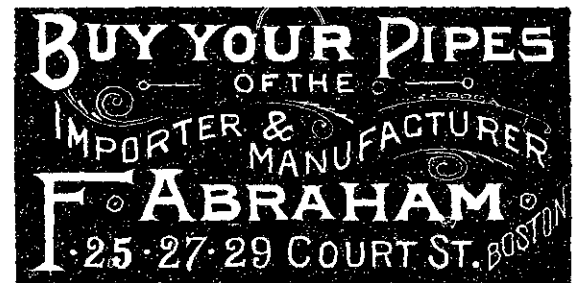
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# The Tech.

VOL. VIII.

BOSTON, APRIL 4, 1889.

NO. 13.

## THE TECH.

Published on alternate Thursdays, during the school year, by the students of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

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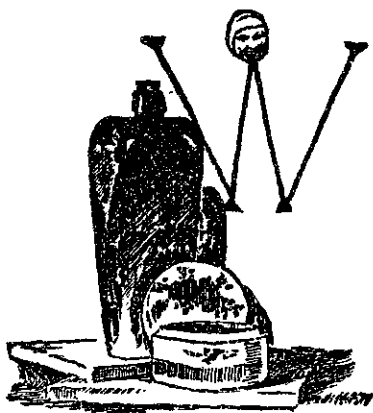
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E are sure that although the Co-operative Society has pronounced the plan impracticable, there are still enough of the unsatisfied to keep up a hungry though feeble demand for an Institute restaurant. No doubt

some of the chemists, whose appetites are stronger than the laboratory atmosphere, would, during the intervals of precipitation, find something of the sort much to their taste; such of the architects as take victuals with their Vignole would find it handy to drop in between the lines; and for others among us who eat to live, to whom it is an inconvenience to leave the buildings at noon, a place where a light lunch might be had would supply a constant demand.

It is plain, however, that, desirable or not, the thing is not among the possibilities under

our present lack of accommodations. On the "New Building" when it is completed and thrown open to our colonizing influences, we stake our hopes of a restaurant, a post-office, a co-operative store and whatsoever else equally utopian exists in an optimistic imagination. Until then we shall continue to take our lunch across the street, or elsewhere, as best agrees with our time, our pocket, and our opportunity.

NOW that the new building is a settled fact, and no plans have been accepted, it is an excellent time to think seriously of a trophy room. On this subject much has been written, but the causes of refusal were ample. It would not necessitate the laying out of a great amount of room, and if any extra expense was incurred, it could be easily raised on subscription. Who would refuse to give ten or fifteen cents to help get a room that would aid in keeping the cobwebs off the poor old hard earned banner that now hangs, covered with the dust of months, and almost forgotten, in the corridor of Rogers!

And now the Athletic Club has offered a cup to the winning class at the fall games. Will we have to rig up another tackle and hoist this emblem of the baneless spirit, among the dusty rafters of Rogers? Let us all hope not! Again, who among us would not like to see the football, that was so nobly fought for in the Williams game, which was the last but best game ever played on the old grounds, that never witnessed us lose a championship game, duly inscribed, and exhibited in a room where we could all see it, and recall the exciting circumstances in which it was won. We hope that this popular request will be duly considered and acted upon, and thus save the seemingly unnecessary petition.

EVERY man who can do so should attend the Institute Dinner, both for his own enjoyment, and as a duty to his class and to the Institute. It is the first occasion of this nature in which all the classes have had the opportunity to meet each other, and upon the success of this, the first experiment, depends its future repetition.

Four hundred is about the number that the committee estimates upon, and there should be no difficulty in securing that many names. The individual expense will be but a trifle, if any, more than that of the dinners of the various class societies, so that there need be no hesitancy on that account.

It is the object to make the dinner not only complimentary to the retiring class, but representative of the under-classmen and of Tech. as a whole; so that it should be a matter of pride as well as of principle, for every Tech. man to be present in person. This should be enough to prevent any one from putting the matter aside as a perfunctory affair, in which he has no special interest. All other arguments lead to the same conclusion; go, and fill your part in the programme, and when you shall have reached the distinction of Seniority, admiring under-classmen may dine you in your turn.

NOW that a road race between the Harvard and Tech. Cycling Clubs is an established fact, a word or two with regard to the matter may not be out of place here.

The *Harvard Crimson* is urging their Bicycle Club men on to stronger efforts, in order that they may be sure of victory; and we are as certainly desirous of victory as the Cambridge men.

The two upper classes are very well represented in the possible entries, while entries from '91 and '92 are almost lacking.

If success is to be obtained there is no time for idling, but work is of the utmost necessity. The two clubs are not very widely separated as regards speed, and both are fast riding

clubs; so that strict attention to business, and conscientious training are very necessary. Do not be backward '91 and '92, for upon you may depend the race.

THE TECH has always endeavored to wear those laurels which she may have won with an air of modesty. It has never been the policy of this paper to indulge in self-praise, nor to be in the slightest degree susceptible to that very unfortunate affliction commonly termed the "swelled head." If a change for the better is obtained in Institute affairs, through the intervention of THE TECH, we have congratulated the students in general on the bettered condition of things, and quietly retired and looked about us for new fields in which to work. Many of the most flourishing of our student institutions and societies have sprung from ideas suggested in these columns, and Institute policy in outside affairs has been largely governed in the same manner. With all due modesty, therefore, we can justly be proud of our position, and indulge in a few remarks regarding the present pleasing state of affairs which is the outcome of two years work by THE TECH. We refer to the defunct Senior Ball, the error of whose existence has, at last, been recognized by everybody, and whose subscription fiends and all other attendant evils have been buried, we hope forever, in oblivion. The credit of this reformation is due almost entirely to the untiring efforts of THE TECH, and now after we have won the war, we wish to call the attention of the under classes to the fact, so that they may appreciate that it is through the mediumship of THE TECH that they are not obliged to support the usual costly affair this spring. The Senior Class deserves praise for its unselfishness in the matter, and the under classes are to be congratulated on not having this bugbear to look forward to in the future. THE TECH congratulates itself and the whole Institute on the happy outcome of this business.

THE TECH is going abroad. It will leave in time to take in the French Exposition. Its object in going is to show our rather slow and conservative brethren over the water what we scientific men can do in the way of college journalism over here. Between now and the date fixed for THE TECH's departure, there is some little time. This time should be partially, at least, devoted to raising the standard of Tech. journalism. Every student at the Institute should feel an interest in this matter, and should now, if never before, contribute his masterpiece to our columns. There is altogether too much apathy among the students in general toward their college organ,—so much so, in fact, that it can hardly be called a representative college paper, inasmuch as it seldom expresses any opinions other than those of its editors. The heading for contributions has laid on its shelf so long that dust has rendered unintelligible its letters.

To those intending to favor us with a contribution, we would suggest that short stories and verses are particularly acceptable, while a good cut in black ink on perfectly white paper would receive careful consideration.

THE *W. P. I.* has again broken out upon the subject of college colors, publishing a long editorial and letter upon the subject. The article is very strong in its claim upon steel gray as their college color, but is in darkness with respect to the crimson. This agitation has attracted a great deal of attention here, and as there is every indication of a perfect fairness in the matter, let the investigation continue. We are inclined to justice in the matter, and if such investigation show that we have "stolen" our colors, why all there is to do is to give them up. But we are not going to think of a change until very conclusive evidence is produced. There is no such thing permissible as the establishing of priority upon either of the colors separately, for the college colors are a combination, and not to be separated.

Evidence upon this matter must be carefully chosen, as only the prominent men in the seventies were very familiar with such matters, and a person who *thinks* that crimson was one of the colors in our combination, is very likely to be wrong. There are men at this institution to-day, who cannot tell whether the colors are steel-gray and crimson, or steel-gray and cardinal, and every one must know that there is a great difference between these two combinations.

Mr. Greenleaf of '73 writes that his class was the first to use steel-gray and cardinal, and Mr. H. Ellerton Lodge, Sec'y Class '73, states that the first movement toward any class colors at the M. I. T. was in 1871, when "lilac" was chosen as '73's color. It is pretty clearly established that the *combination* of steel-gray and *cardinal*, was first used by the class of '73, prior to their graduation.

SPEAKING about the Paris Exposition, going abroad, etc., why would it not be a good idea for those who have interested themselves in sending the publications of American colleges to the above-mentioned exhibition, to include a register, to be kept in the same department, where American college men may place their names, together with that of their *Alma Mater*. Nearly every college man in Paris at that time will visit the department of American College Journals, and a large per cent of their names would appear upon the pages of any such register. The expense would be slight, and the result at least interesting.

AT a joint meeting of the editors and directors of THE TECH, Mr. Will Irving Finch was awarded both the first and second prizes offered at the beginning of the year, for the two best contributions to our columns.

## Sonnet.

Many a night I watched the pale moon rising  
 Over Ktaadus lofty three-peaked pile,  
 And saw the silver rays creep down the hillside,  
 Making each rugged spur in beauty smile.  
 Often from those same peaks I've watched the dawning,  
 And marked the sun's long lances flashing bright  
 Over the world, that lighter grew, as morning,  
 Sparkling with dew, chased the dark shades of night.  
 And yet, the winsome grace that wrapped about me  
 Became more winsome when it thought of thee;  
 For true love teaches us to find a beauty  
 In things where else we ne'er should beauty see.  
 Thus is thy love to me a richest treasure,  
 Which I do give thee back in fullest measure.

W. L. S.

## A Singular Adventure.

WHO has not passed his summer's holiday, or a part of it, at some of the many more or less famous watering places that fringe our Atlantic shores? Who has not done the mountains,—Green, White, or Blue,—camped in the Adirondacks, or enjoyed the *dolce far niente* on a smooth-sailing yacht?

With a fancy for stepping quite out of the wake of the vast crowd of pleasure-seekers who make these, and kindred spots, their rendezvous, I selected for a few weeks' diversion a wild and unfrequented portion of Upper Canada. There, in a dense forest, among huge trees that serve alike as protection from the piercing blasts of winter and the scorching suns of summer, I pitched my modest tent. We were but a few rods removed from the banks of South Yamaska, and the nearest village was that of St. Ours, some thirty-four miles distant. What situation could be more romantic or desirable for a true sportsman, leagues away from any human habitation, his only companion the lone river, moving with stately grace through mossy green banks and entangled and almost impenetrable underbrush?

Here, upon its banks, during the frequent and necessary absences of Francois, my half-breed guide, I constructed a rude seat, and spent many idle, happy hours.

After a hard day's tramp, in the evening's gathering gloom one could almost fancy that the stream was watching you as it glided noiselessly along; and if you lingered until the pale moon arose, you might see the beasts of the forest creep stealthily down, and greedily partake of its cool waters.

While seated upon the river's bank one night, reveling in the weird yet lovely and lonely scenes before me, my attention was drawn to the shadow of a man, who was slowly creeping up behind me from the opposite direction. I grasped my Winchester, and jumping to my feet, beheld a tall, sparely-built person advancing toward me, his rifle cocked. A glance at his face, which had assumed a menacing and malign aspect, convinced me that his warlike appearance bespoke his murderous design.

I saw that decisive action could alone preserve my life. Without taking aim I fired, and the resulting smoke served as a momentary disguise, enabling me to rush at my adversary and wrench away his gun, at the same time discharging it, that it might be useless should he recover it again.

I had scarcely accomplished this feat when, with an unearthly yell, he sprang upon me. Winding his long arms about me he gave me a hug that forced every particle of breath from my body. I grasped him by the shoulders, and placing my foot against the butt of a tree, threw upon him the whole force of my weight. There was a moment's unsteadiness, and then together we fell to the ground. His grasp gave way, his head fell back, his eyes closed. Fearing that the force of the fall had been fatal, or that at least he had suffered serious injury, I half raised his prostrate form. I could discern only a slight scalp-wound, from which the blood oozed slowly. I had now a fair opportunity of observing my antagonist. He was a man of about forty years, well formed, with finely-cut features, and a mouth and chin which suggested firm determination.

But what attracted my attention most, as

being quite out of keeping with the general appearance of the man, were the hands, which were soft and delicate, and of such size and shape as to suggest gentle blood. The shapely and carefully trimmed nails precluded the possibility of any laborious occupation, such as his dress would indicate. I had scarcely time to note what I have recorded when his eyes opened, and he raised himself into a sitting posture, regarding me the while with anxious curiosity. After a pause which seemed of intolerable length, his lips moved, and throwing his arms wildly about him, he shrieked: "Why didn't you kill me? Why did you not extinguish this wretched life, which can only be torture to its possessor,—yes, torture, with no hope of remedy or relief?" There was no mistaking the language of distress, accented in the tone of voice, and written in the agonizing yet appealing expression of the eye. This was neither the stealthy gaze of the would-be murderer, nor the maniacal glare of the lunatic.

Feeling quite secure in the superiority of my physical vigor, and relying a little also, perhaps, on my familiarity with firearms, I replied to him with equanimity. I charged him with attempting to murder me for some unknown reasons, and assured him if he had suffered injury at my hands in consequence of my efforts to defend myself, that he was alone responsible for it.

He put his hand to his head in a mechanical fashion, and finding blood as he withdrew it, said, "It matters little; would to Heaven the wound were mortal!"

A strange somnolence suddenly appeared to overpower him. He attempted to resist, but it was of no avail. "I shall awake presently, and will tell you all," he said, as the deep lethargy stole over him. While he slept I waited and watched, noting the heavy breathing, interrupted by fitful gasps, the convulsive twitching of face and of limbs, and indulging in endless conjecture as to the history of the unfortunate being. My watch was a long and a

weary one. I paced a dreary stretch of ground, the prostrate form of my antagonist always in sight, and found great relief to the nervous strain in the company of my cigar. Amid so much that savored of the unnatural and the horrible, its steady glow seemed cheery and reassuring.

But the awaking came at last, and came like a natural and gradual arousing from a deep slumber. Raising himself on his elbow, he glanced curiously about him, until his eyes fell upon me. Evidently he had, but for this, forgotten his murderous and unprovoked assault. After a few moments' silence he noted that there were indications of a heavy storm, and said that at a distance of only a few minutes' walk he had a habitation which would give us shelter and warmth. He added that he could not be surprised, after what had occurred, should I decline to accept his hospitality, saying that although there was no excuse to be offered, he was yet innocent of any evil purpose, and was an unfortunate, who should be pitied, as one upon whom the hand of God had borne heavily. Of course it was the maddest thing a man ever did, but I was fond of adventure, and wanted to see the thing out. Besides, I had the confidence of youth and of superior strength, so I went. Our walk led through woodland where the growth became denser as we proceeded, until, quite in the depths of the forest, we paused before a weather-beaten, dilapidated frame building. I was too much upon my guard against a sudden surprise to notice much as we entered the house.

We passed through a few rude, bare rooms below, and then ascended a flight of stairs and entered a spacious and inviting room, with all the appliances of comfort which should be found in a gentleman's sitting-room. The indications of refined taste were evinced in all its appointments, from the soft, heavy rugs upon the floor, to the choice prints upon the walls, and the shelves of books that filled every possible space and overflowed upon table and floor.



My host, for such he now was, absented himself for a few minutes, and returned so transformed by his toilet that I could hardly recognize in the quiet, well-dressed man before me, the wandering savage of the evening. He invited me to share his simple evening meal, prepared in part by himself. I assented, and in an adjoining cozy room found a very sufficient and appetizing repast. The coffee was delicious Mocha,—a beverage in the manufacture of which my strange host assured me that he claimed to excel. Returning to the sitting-room, grown more attractive by the ruddy light of a wood fire upon the hearth, my host intimated that he was ready to account for the episode of the evening. It was a strange story. I wish I could tell it in his words, which were apt and fitly chosen.

Briefly it was this: He was the son of an English gentleman of finished education and ample fortune. His father, while in early middle life, developed a peculiar and frightful malady. Its earlier stages were marked by signs of great impatience, which grew to ungovernable passion, as horrible as it was unexpected. Sometimes he would become a horrible spectacle, tearing his hair, shrieking and stamping; sometimes he would froth at the mouth and fall into a swoon, in which he would remain unconscious for hours. In these accessions of passion he was wild, ungovernable, and dangerous. The most eminent medical authorities were consulted, but no treatment availed. The case was a pitiable one. Uncoloured reason, and full self-control, alternated with the frenzy of madness.

Finally in one of his paroxysms he sprang upon a female servant and killed her.

For this, his sentence, which but for his malady would have been capital punishment, was imprisonment for life in an asylum for the insane.

He languished then through a few months of intense suffering, when death came to his relief.

Graduating at the University of Oxford, the subject of this sketch came to Montreal to

enter upon the practice of the profession of law. It was not long before indications of the same dread malady to which his father had fallen victim presented themselves.

Under the guidance of skillful physicians, he abandoned all intellectual effort; and by change of scene and athletic sports, attempted to keep the dread inheritance at bay. As in his father's case, all was futile. The disease progressed by steady invasion, until his present condition was reached.

As his narrative went on, he lost the cool tone and calm manner with which he had commenced his story, and grew rapid and impassioned. His lips, which were pale and mobile, trembled as he spoke. His voice was that of one who was repressing his feelings by strong and painful effort. Continuing his tale, he told me that after having stabbed to the heart a St. Bernard mastiff to which he was tenderly attached, in one of his paroxysms, he saw the necessity of isolating himself from mankind before he should commit a deed more terrible.

To this end he purchased the old house which had once been a trading station, with the forest about it. Here, with his gun and rod, he spent much time out of doors, adopting the guise in which I had first seen him, as one less calculated to attract attention.

But he occupied his time largely with reading, and he called my attention to the number of volumes upon his shelves which were devoted to mental and nervous disease.

Yet among all the chronicles of wretched mental malady, he told me that he sought in vain to find a case which, in all its essential points, was similar to his own. Those which most nearly resembled his he found accounts of in the Gospels of the New Testament, where the Devil is described as taking possession of a man, and driving him to strange and horrible deeds. The evening went by insensibly as I listened with painful interest to the history told in the simple and eloquent language of earnest feeling.

"All is told," said he at length, standing with his back to the softened glow of the low-burned embers, his head bowed, and evidently waiting a response.

I was never very ready of speech, and especially when any occasion seemed to demand some expression of sympathetic feeling I was most at a loss. I don't know what I said, but I rose and grasped his hand, and must have in some way convinced him of my forgiveness and sympathy, for I can now recall the expression of his eye,—so warm, so grateful, so hopelessly sad. So we parted; the hour was late.

The sun was high in the heavens when I arose, for the events of the evening had driven sleep far from me, and it was not until early dawn was breaking that I fell into a troubled slumber.

On descending to the library where I had listened to the tale I have just related, I found a card addressed to me lying upon the table. The single word "Adieu" was written across its surface.

G. H. G

### The Old Story.

O to be far away,—far from this board and fare,  
Where the flavor of meals that are long gone by, still hovers  
and haunts the air;  
Where the steak is hard of heart, and the mutton stubborn  
of will,  
And the turkey wreaks a tough revenge on the helpless  
boarder's skill.

O to be there, not here, whither the cheese has flown,  
When the Biddy's back was turned, and it found itself  
alone.  
The maid with the auburn hair, the first of a changing  
troupe,  
'Though long time gone from behind my chair, she lingers  
in the soup.

We dare not turn and flee, but cower beneath the lash,  
We slaves of mystery and devotees of hash.  
We think of his fate, and sigh, who tempted once too oft  
The adamant pie, and wended his way aloft.

'Twere well if we all might fast, and keep a lifelong Lent,  
But with every day's repast we eat and we repent.  
The coffee fills my cup; I will no longer stay,  
But bravely drink it up and calmly fade away.

### The Small Romance of a Small Café.

WHEN General Boulanger arrived at the small town of St. S—— last summer, he might have seen, had not showers of red pinks dazzled his warlike vision, that people, and carriages, and soldiers, and policemen had formed a hollow square in front of the doors—or rather door—from which he was supposed to emerge.

I say *hollow* square, as having a military sound, and therefore being suitable to the General. But, however it might be called, a square it was. The rabble of dirty men, and women, and children who seemed to have been created for that special hour,—the carriages, with their wretched horses, their drooping heads cruelly bedecked with the red *oeillet*,—the soldiers in close red lines,—even I myself,—*we* made the square, in the centre of which strutted a very small officer, and an equally small civilian. Both were faultless in toilet; both curved in their backs and brought out their chests, and gave continual orders to their respective worlds, who had no idea of moving,—which was perhaps the reason why the small gentleman moved so much. Around the carriages ran boys, their hands filled with bunches of red-paper pinks (the General's chosen flower), carelessly stuck on long sticks. The flowers soon fell; the long, dull sticks remained. Draw a moral if you will. But *he* comes! We strain our eyes,—I mount on the seat,—the band plays,—the ill-looking crowd surges forward. Four stout, tall, fresh-looking men emerge from the depot, each wearing a high silk hat, a floating cravat, and a light overcoat; but which is the General? They struggle into one of the hacks, midst many cries and a deluge of the paper pinks; they wave their hands, they bow to right and left, and they brush the pinks from their manly knees; and the one who lifts his hat the highest, and smiles the oftenest, and brushes with the greatest vigor,—that is Boulanger!

The owner of one of the many cafés which are advantageously placed in front of the sta-

tion, stood gazing after the rabble, and the band, and the clouds of dust. Perhaps it was because he was so much occupied that he failed to perceive the guest, who, passing between the rows of great green boxes went quietly through the dining-room, mounted the staircase like one quite accustomed to the arrangement of the house, and, without the ceremony of knocking, entered the apartment of the mistress.

She was in bed, a pretty, strong woman, with masses of golden, waving hair. She had been ill a fortnight, but was now so much better that she had planned a picnic in the green fields, with plenty of sweet wine and cakes, and a whole long day in the sunshine. Did he touch her? did he speak to her? did he breathe upon her, this guest who came at the same hour as Boulanger? Alas! what do we know? "Je suis malade," sighed the bright-haired woman, and a stream of blood flowed from her lips. Then the great, dark blinds of the café were quickly closed, the fire in the big range died out, the house had grown dark, and in the gloom sat people writing on black-edged paper. In the chamber where entered the unbidden guest, lay the mistress in a fine white robe, her long, golden hair falling in two wide braids over her breast, and in the hard hands, so eager to make or save a sou, lay a crucifix. Her hard-tongued sisters scolded and squabbled as they dressed her, but she never answered them. So passed one day,—the café in black, the mistress in gold and white,—and then early the next morning, before the dew was off the fields, she was carried to a place full of white crosses and the sweet breath of roses,—a place where many weep, and some pray,—and there they left her.

It must have seemed strange to her could she have known it! What a change from a noisy café, with jests and laughter, and its strong smells of beef, and wine, and beer!

Perhaps the bereaved husband found these same odors a pleasing balm for his stricken heart, for at noon the blinds were thrown

open wide; the life in the great fourneau which had also been extinct a day, was quickly rekindled; chops were broiling; riz de veau was exquisitely prepared; coffee sent its delicious aroma far and wide; and the widower's heart grew calm again as he deftly shredded the delicate parsley leaves into a shallow dish. To be sure he had loved his wife, but, alas! her temper was bad; and, sadder still,—oh! breathe it softly over the brown and unconscious capon,—she had ruled him!

If I have described these scenes with great precision, it is because I have seen the café-keeper scores of times; often spoken to its fair-haired mistress, when on market days she came into Madame's big garden for a great bouquet of roses. Now, Madame was our "propriétaire," and we her "locataires"; and the café-keeper was her brother, and consequently it was her belle-soeur who walked away smelling the Jacqueminot, Marechal Niel, Belle Lyonnaise, La France, and other exquisite roses. Will the foundation of this small genealogical tree prove too fatiguing to allow you to enter with Madame as the afternoon of the funeral—all in fresh black—she taps at the salon door?

"Ah! Mademoiselle," she cries, wiping away a kindly tear with her stiff-fingered glove; "it was si triste, and her sisters were so villainous, they have called us, my poor brother and myself, 'those dirty people'; but I have prayed a great deal for the soul of my poor sister-in-law, tout-même. I was praying when they called me names—the vile creatures!"

"And your brother, Madame?" I inquire.

"Oh! he has not an air too sad; il est très résigné—poor, dear man!" Then, after a moment's pause, and dropping a firm hand on either round knee, "And now he must marry himself!"

"Get married directly?" Surprise and politeness in wild confusion forbade my going further.

"It is necessary, my chère demoiselle, absolutely necessary. A man alone can never

keep a café, and I was reflecting on my way home that perhaps the dressmaker on the first floor would make him a good wife; she is gentile, and might attract customers."

"Why, Madame, is it possible you have already found some one, and your brother?" I stop confused; the ground is so delicate—that new mound amid the white crosses!

"My chère demoiselle," proceeds kind Madame, with her sweet voice, "you know nothing of life; it is something practical. It remains for me, now, after having arranged all the details of the funeral, *très convenablement*,—to marry that poor man."

"And have you already spoken to him upon this subject?"

"Spoken to him, chère homme!" cries Madame, quite shocked; "I should never have the audacity. Oh, no! I shall find him a good, sensible woman, rather captivating in manners, to attract customers. The one we buried this morning—poor thing!—never tried to make herself agreeable. And then, later on, I shall say to him, 'You know, *mon ami*, that a wife is necessary to you; *eh bien*, I have found her.'"

"And do you think, Madame, that he will be willing to marry her?"

"Ah, oui! He will resign himself; he is a true pearl, my brother. O Mademoiselle! if you knew how charming he can make himself to women!"

I thought of the "true pearl" as I had seen him,—a tall, thin man, gray-haired and whiskered, in a coarse woolen jacket, and round black cap, with straight, severe features, which a continual bending over savory stews and bouillon had failed to soften, or render less yellow. Well, that unseen power of attraction,—who shall say where it lies? what odd masks it often uses?

A few weeks passed, and one day Madame entered radiant. "I think that I have found her?" she cried, offering either cheek to be kissed.

"And who is it?" I questioned, comprehending at once.

"Well, it is like this, *ma chère demoiselle*. The wine merchant's wife, who knows my brother's sad situation, touched me in church the other morning, and said, 'I think, Madame, that I have in my house just the person for your brother.' So after mass she waited for me; and, after hearing what she had to say, I am quite convinced that she is right. Oh, how kind God is to me!" and she raised her soft eyes to the ceiling.

"And the young woman—what is she like, Madame?"

"Well, *mademoiselle*, she is a *femme de chambre*, but has also lived in a café—speaks English, is *tout-a fait comme il faut*, and now wishes to marry herself; indeed, it is she who has proposed the arrangement. I shall call to-morrow upon the wine-merchant's wife—she calls herself Madame Fontaine—and then, perhaps, all will be arranged. You congratulate me, do you not, Mademoiselle?"

"And so you have spoken to your brother of his marriage?"

"Ah, oui, poor dear man. I said to him frankly, as is my nature, 'Mon ami, you must be married; you will be bled at every vein otherwise,—*il le faut*.'"

"And he has replied?"

"Oh, he has contemplated all his 'casseroles,' has looked all around his kitchen, poor dear man, and has cried, 'Nothing shall part me from my range!' That is all very well; O, he will resign himself, I see."

The next morning a quiet rap announced Madame, who entered quite breathless. "Fancy, *ma chère demoiselle*," she said, after the usual polite inquiries, "that I have seen her, that she has even descended into the street after me (not at all *comme il faut*), and you will never imagine what she has proposed."

"Herself, as usual," I reply.

"*Très bien; très bien*," cried Madame, with a merry laugh. "She wishes me to pension her in case of the death of my brother, on account of the difference in age! My poor dear brother, he has his fifty-five years; but

what of that, when he gives her a position, and he so charming with women, too."

"And is she young? What is her name, Madame?"

"Oh, she calls herself Adele Metz—*quelle horreur de nom!*—and she has thirty-one years; not young at all. As though I would pension her for marrying my brother, that *vraie perle!* Why, a lady asked me yesterday if I had found someone for him, and added, 'If not, I will gladly give you my eldest daughter.' O Madame," I replied at once, "she would not do at all; she is *trop évaporée.*"

"And was your interview with Madame Fontaine agreeable?"

"Oh, sufficiently. In our marriages, *mademoiselle*, one is not supposed to see the persons to be married; one speaks with the parents, the uncles, the sisters. This is wholly agreeable and proper. I praised my brother, and Madame Fontaine she praised *Mademoiselle Metz*, and, finally, I found that she was saying quite too much for her part, and I said, 'Frankly, Madame, this would be a great match for *Mademoiselle*; my brother has a certain position to offer.' 'And the hard life and the difference in age!' cried Madame Fontaine. 'Your friend should have thought of this,' I answered very stiffly, 'since it is she who has proposed the marriage. My brother, poor man, has never even heard her name.'"

"And is that so, really?" I ask.

"Oh, no, *Mademoiselle*; he met her once in a shop, but I found it necessary to say that."

"And then, Madame? Pardon my interruption."

"Well, then, we grew quite warm, and finally in burst *Mademoiselle Metz* herself, who had evidently been listening at the door. My arms dropped stiff. I rose at once, and saying, 'As I see, Madame, that our conversation is quite at an end, I will wish you a very good morning.' And then that creature, who is so determined to get my poor brother, she

rushes after me into the street and demands a pension."

"Is she pretty, Madame?"

"Pretty! All of one color; a true *Anglaise*. I hate those light eyes and white lashes—so false et si *villaine!*" Madame shuddered.

"And so the marriage is broken off?"

"Not at all, *chère demoiselle*; this is only business, and that is more poetic. She would not be '*trop mal*' for a café. She is tall and *distingué*" (meditatively). "O, I presume it will arrange itself. She is going to England for awhile; from there she will probably write me."

After this, long weeks passed with no news from A. Metz. Madame was puzzled. At length came a letter thus conceived: "My dear Madame: Having well reflected upon our conversation, I find myself able to agree with you on all points, and am happy to allow Monsieur, your brother, to address me by letter. In awaiting which I am, with sentiments of the most profound esteem, your obedient servant, A. METZ."

"Not too charming, this letter," cried Madame, with her musical laugh. "However, the affair arranges itself, so now I must see if my brother will answer it."

"But if he will not?"

"Oh, *très bien*, then I shall write myself!"

"I know you very capable, Madame; but when it comes to writing a love-letter"—

"Ah, well; perhaps he will do it."

But although willing to be led like an aged lamb to the hymeneal altar, the "true pearl" absolutely refused to lend a helping hand. "Write it yourself, if you wish it written!" he cried, bending with tender pride over a breaded *riz de veau*. "I married to suit myself once, and now," carefully squeezing a lemon over its brown sides,—"*now*"—and he flung away the crumpled peel, "it is *you* who are choosing the woman."

"And so you write the love-letter, poor Madame?" I say, after hearing of the brother's determined attitude.



"Yes, Mademoiselle; this is my life,—one of sacrifice."

"But what will you say?"

"Oh, I shall just imagine myself with my hand in that of Mlle. Metz, and that I am my brother, speaking from his heart." So the letter, written by the sister, and signed in the brother's name, that vraie perle of men, went its way. Weeks passed again, still no word from A. Metz in reply to her impassioned love-letter.

"I have told my brother that he really must shave his whiskers, and let them come out fresh again; they are too thin for one about to marry himself," said Madame, reflectively, while awaiting the response. At length it came. Up came Madame, fairly screaming with laughter, the letter in hand. "Elle ne le veut pas," she cries, merrily; "elle ne le veut pas!"

"Why, Madame, I fear your love-letter was too cold; that you forgot 'to put your hand in hers,'" I say, laughing, too.

"No, no," said Madame, very seriously. "On the contrary, it was a marvel; my poor brother could never have written it; he has a small imagination, chère homme; that is in part owing to his mode of life—always at his range," and she draws a long, soft sigh. "Well, I am quite satisfied. She had a hard manner, and those dreadful English eyes so false,—and then wishing me to pension her, the villainous creature!"

"And how does your brother take it, Madame?"

"Oh, that 'true pearl,' Mademoiselle! He gave me the letter without a word, and went on shelling his peas with a perfectly unmoved manner—pauvre chère homme; he has sentiment without the ability of showing it. I find him more than content."

A certain Junior, reciting upon the parts of the steam engine, described the *eccentric* as a wheel with the centre not quite in the centre.

### Noticeable Articles.

THE *Athenæum* for March 2d has a long review of the two volumes of the Correspondence of Motley, the historian, just published under the editorship of Mr. George William Curtis, which would seem to be one of the most interesting and entertaining, as Bryce's *American Commonwealth* is the most important, book of the day. "Motley saw a great deal of the best European society, and was the fellow-student and life-long intimate friend of Prince Bismark at Göttingen, and his letters seem to be full of notices of all the famous people of his day. As a historian, the reviewer compares him with his friend Prescott. "Prescott has been fascinated by the great European movement in the fifteenth century, of which one result was the discovery and colonization of America, and of which one impulse rose in Spain. Motley was a sturdier Republican than Prescott, and he seems, from a very early date, to have been impressed with the superiority of Holland over Spain as a centre of civilization. 'The Dutch have certainly done many great things,' he wrote to his mother during his first visit to their country. 'They have had to contend with two of the mightiest powers in the world, the ocean and Spanish tyranny, and they conquered both. Neither the Inquisition nor the Zuyder Zee was able to engulf them.' 'I flatter myself,' he says in another letter, 'that I have found one great, virtuous, and heroic character, William the First of Orange, founder of the Dutch Republic. This man, who did the work of a thousand men every year of his life, who was never inspired by any personal ambition, but who performed good and lofty actions because he was born to do them, just as other men have been born to do nasty ones, deserves to be better understood than I believe him to have been by the world at large!' He has made him to be better understood; and surely such men are the ones for young Americans to read about, and as far as they can to imitate, especially in these days of corruption in high places.

In the *Academy* of the same date is a notice of another very interesting biographical work, "Three Generations of Englishwomen," by Janet Ross. In the days before railways, at the beginning of the century, the quaint old town of Norwich, with its crooked streets and fine cathedral, down in the eastern counties of England, was a noted literary centre, and among the best-known families there were two, the Martineaus and the Taylors. The

former produced that remarkable woman, Harriet Martineau, whose indefatigable pen produced a whole library of works, though there is nothing among them of very enduring value; and her brother James, the Nestor of English theologians, who, though past eighty, has recently published a great work on the Philosophy of Religion, which it is worth every thoughtful student's while to study. Among the many men and women eminent in science and literature who came from the Taylor family were the three, grandmother, mother, and daughter, who form the subject of these volumes which have been compiled by the great-granddaughter. Of Mrs. John Taylor, called the "Madame Roland of Norwich," the daughter married John Austin, the famous writer on Jurisprudence: she is well known to all students of history as the accomplished translator of the works of the great German historian, Ranke, who called her "his English self." She was a person of masculine intellect, and her correspondents were the most eminent men of the day, Mill, Whewell, Guizot, Humboldt, Hallam, Carlyle. Her daughter was Lady Duff Gordon, whose two series of "Letters from Egypt" are among the most charming books of travel that we know. Threatened with the consumption of which she died, she took up her residence in upper Egypt, where she interested herself in the wretched fellahen, the oppressed peasantry who surrounded her, and her account of her life among them is full of interest. There are libraries of books about Egypt, but no other exactly like this. "Her letters in these volumes are of the same character, full of wit and playful humor, of tender sympathy, and heroic fortitude."

The same number contains a notice of the History of Eighteenth Century (English) Literature, by Edmund Gosse. This forms part of a complete history of English Literature in four volumes now in course of publication, each volume being the work of a different writer. The Elizabethan volume, by Mr. Saintsbury, was published not long ago. Of Mr. Gosse's volume the reviewer says that "it is one for the student, because of its fullness, its trustworthiness, and its thorough soundness of criticism; and one for the general reader, because of its pleasantness and interest. It is a book not easy to put down or to part with."

W. P. A.

For "coast estates" in the last number read vast estates.



There will be a Co-op. meeting about the first of April.

Holmes, '88, has gone on a business trip to Texas.

Sylvanus H. Cobb was in town the other day.

The '91 Chemists and Miners had their photos taken March 26th.

The football men have commenced practice in the Gym.

Second year Architects have a design for an entrance to a city residence.

Now is a good time for the Tennis Association to roll the grounds, while they are soft.

The third year Architects are working on a design for a large cyclorama building.

All are anxiously waiting to see them break ground for the new building.

Third year Chemists and Miners are working on the quantitative analysis of pig iron.

Second year Civils are at work on a contour map of Roxbury."

The Athletic Club are busy looking up suitable grounds for the spring out-door meeting.

The Athletic Club have voted to give the Football Association six footballs.

A special meeting of the D. Y. D. X. was held Wednesday, March 27th.

The second year Miners and Chemists start on Gravimetric Analysis this week.

'91 is being plane polarized in a curious and interesting manner.

The amateur photograph fiend is getting his work in in the laboratories.

Trowbridge, '91, has appeared again after a week's sojourn with a sprained ankle.

The Glee Club will probably give a concert in Y. M. C. A. Hall soon after Easter.

The candidates for the Sophomore and Freshman ball team still continue to practice daily.

Mr. Benton Sturges, '90, has been called home to Chicago, on account of the illness of his father.

Many questions have been asked as to the commission of the salesmen of the Institute Views.

The Second Year men have been assigned their third and last essay in English composition.

Louis G. Schultz, formerly of the class of '88, is now located at the Boston Signal Service office.

That same Freshman has applied to Mrs. Stinson for direct sunlight to treat his silver chloride.

"Gravity acts more strongly on the steeper slopes," is what they tell the courses in Physical Geography.

Godchaux, the quarter-back on the eleven last year, is trying for short-stop on the Freshman nine.

An industrial chemist in dyeing some silk red, got it green—merely the complement of the color used the night before.

There are announced for sale on the bulletin board, three bicycles, all "Royal Mails." Quite a kingly group.

The supply of alcohol in the analytical laboratory is not equal to the demand. Why is this, Dr. Dewey?

Many Techs. have been heard expressing sincere regrets at the recent illness of Miss Julia Marlowe.

If the Institute dinner continues as well as it promises, it will be the most representative undergraduate assembly on the records.

The Glee Club sang at Malden, Saturday, March 16th. The soloists were Crosby, Emery, Howard,—and Whitman, yodler.

The first year partial and second year regular Architects, handed in last week their monthly designs for a porch.

Ladd, Vorce, Newton, and Herrick, of '88, were in town last month to be present at a theatre party and dinner given by Sigma Chi.

The committee on the Institute dinner have been looking into the plausibility of securing Cotillion Hall for the affair.

"The '89 Class Dinner Minstrel Troupe" are to try and interest the Senior Class between the waits at the Annual Dinner.

Mr. Arthur W. Ayer, '89, will not come back to the Institute again this year. He is suffering from nervous prostration.

The electric cars now run without so many mishaps as at first, and people are now praising where they at first condemned.

The mineralogists have an excursion April 4th to Fitchburg, probably to examine the same old boulder on the hill.

The third year Mechanicals are taking a course in surveying under Professor Burton. They have also begun boiler drawing.

The place of Mr. Cole, formerly Assistant in Freehand and Mechanical Drawing, has been taken by Mr. Leavitt.

Dr. Frost, who has been ill and at home for the last two weeks, has again resumed his duties in the Chemical Laboratory.

Russel Robb, '88, has been transferred from the Electric Welding Company's Works at Lynn to the Boston office.

Some Freshmen still continue to ask if the clock on the second floor of Rogers is a relic or an ornament. Why can't it be made a useful one?

The Freshmen and Sophomore Classes have about fifteen men apiece trying for the class nines. We hope to see some good games—but when?

The Hammer and Tongs Club held a special meeting on Tuesday, March 26th. Messrs. Geo. B. Wood, A.B., and Geo. W. Vaillant, '91, were elected to membership.

The Class Day Committee met on Tuesday, March 26th. The form of Class Day invitation was decided upon, and reports of sub-committees read.

The third year Civils have completed the preliminary survey of a railroad between Revere and Woodlawn Cemetery, and are now on the location.

The Athletic Club are going to offer a silver cup to the class winning the most events in the fall meeting, and it is to be passed down to each succeeding class.

The third year Civils who have been trying to discover the amount of settlement in Back Bay, have found it has raised one foot, and are now looking for the error.

Cotillion Hall, Mechanics Building, has been secured for the Institute Dinner. The date is April 26th. The caterer has not yet been decided on.

The Industrial Chemists went through the Revere Sugar Refinery last Friday, (March 29th). The superintendent has not yet reported anything missing.

Mr. Cole, '88, Assistant in Freehand and Mechanical Drawing, has left the Institute to take a position as draughtsman for the Thompson Electric Welding Co.

The '89 Statistician's blanks are now in the hands of the class. All who have not yet received their blanks may find them at the letter-rack. If not, apply to Mr. Cartwright.

Venus now claims the attention of gaping crowds upon all the down town street corners. The star is visible while the sun is still up, about half past four in the afternoon.

Dame, '89, recently showed to Professor Blake, of the Bell Telephone Co., his apparatus and appliances for measuring, to be used in the work for his thesis, on the Blake Transmitter.

Owing to the sickness of Hart, '89, President of the Photographic Club, nothing has been done about the annual exhibit of photographs. It is hoped, however, to hold it as usual.

The men on the boiler tests Wednesday, March 27th, were Bradley, Dame, Warner, Hunt, Laws, and Truesdell. For the 28th, Sanborn, Loring, Winchet, Hobbs, and Hutchins were on the test.

The edgestone mills, "centrifigs," and some other machines in the Industrial Laboratory, are now run by electricity, much to the satisfaction of the men who have, until now, run them by hand.

"Is there more than *one* Mr. Johnson here?"

No answer.

"Is there *one* Mr. Johnson here?"

Still no answer, and a satisfied smile overspreads Professor A.'s face.

Mr. G. Waldon Smith has a very good photograph of the thrice champion '89 tug-o'-war team. It may be seen in his case at the entrance to his place of business on Tremont Street, near West.

Mr. Moody, '88, is shortly to deliver to the fourth year Electricals a series of lectures on Electric Welding, and the lectures of Professor Blake on Motors, and of Mr. White on Wiring, are shortly to commence.

The following are the theses of the fourth year Architects: W. H. Kilham, design for a Museum of Natural History. R. Hooker, design for a Marine Aquarium. A. V. Eduards, design for a Quarantine Hospital.

Thursday, March 14th, the Architectural Society had a meeting, after which the Society adjourned to the Thorndike for a dinner. The problem at the meeting was a classic bay-window, and the mentions were Ripley, Kilham, and Seeler.

Mr. E. A. Northey, son of Mr. William Northey, of Salem, has been appointed Inspector of the New England Bureau of United

Inspection. Mr. Northey was once a student at the Tech. He will have special charge of hydraulics for the Bureau.

The Technology Cycling Club's challenge to Harvard for a road race has been accepted for the 13th of April. The Harvard committee has for its members, Brown, Davis, and Greenleaf; from the Tech., Bradley, Norton, and Hayden are on the committee.

The Class of '88 held its fifth annual dinner at Young's Saturday, March 11th. Mr. Arthur T. Bradlee was toast-master. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year. President, Arthur T. Bradlee; Vice-President, J. T. C. Baldwin; Secretary and Treasurer, Benj. G. Buttolph.

The latest "Technology Quarterly" is a very interesting number to the general reader, with such articles as "College Graduates" by Jas. P. Monroe; "A Glass of Water" by A. L. Kean and E. O. Jordan; "Notes on the Efficiency of Small Electro-motors" by H. E. H. Clifford; and "Narrow Gauge versus the Standard Gauge Railway" by S. Fukuzawa.

At the last meeting of the Corporation, it was decided to have the new building, so much talked about last fall, built in Trinity Place. It is to be five stories high, of brick, and is for the Mechanicals and Civils. The Miners are to have the rooms vacated in Rogers. The building will probably cost between sixty and seventy-five thousand dollars.

At the last meeting of the Tech. Electrical Club it was decided to hold the annual dinner at the Thorndike, April 5th. Burns and Bradlee, '91, were elected to membership, and a new code of by-laws were adopted. It was also voted to invite the professors of the Electrical Department to the dinner. There will probably be but one more excursion of the Club to the Thompson Electric Welding Works at Lynn.

The Statistician of the Class of 1889 was in a quandary last week as to whether or not he

should send his query blanks to the co-eds, so he tried the experiment upon a prominent one. This is the result:—

MR. STATISTICIAN:

SIR,—I think you are real mean to send me that horrid blank. I shan't tell you how old I am, and I don't wear pants. Of course I do not "sport a mustache," and I do not know the size of my shoe. I never smoked but one cigarette in my life, and . . . well, anyway, your old blank is in the fire! so now!

Yours indignantly, ——— ———

"Technique" offers two prizes of five dollars each, for the best original designs for a cover and a title-page. The competition is open to all students of the Institute. All designs must be drawn with black ink on white paper at least one-third larger than the "Technique" cover, indorsed with a fictitious signature, for identification, and accompanied by a sealed envelope bearing the same signature and enclosing the real name of the designer, and handed in before Oct. 15th, 1889, to H. E. Hathaway, at the letter-rack. Any further information regarding the competition, may be obtained from the artistic editors of "Technique."

The new Dynamo Room in the Nichols Building, in the basement at the rear, is now complete, having been worked upon during the vacation and the first part of this term. The dynamos are run from a single shaft, the power being supplied from the new Westinghouse engine; the steam coming from Rogers Building. The dynamos which are in daily use, and which are tested by the students for their thesis work consist of a Weston dynamo, a Thomson-Houston for incandescent lighting, a Thomson-Houston thousand volt alternating machine, an Edison dynamo, and an old Gramme machine. The whole work of fitting up and the entire care of the room has been given to Mr. Puffer, to whom great credit is due for his efforts.

The Glee Club gave its second concert of the year at Everett Hall, Hyde Park, on



Wednesday evening, March 27th. The make-up of the Club was as follows:—

FIRST TENORS.	SECOND TENORS.
Ernest M. A. Machado, '90.	O. B. Roberts, '88.
W. B. Douglas, '91.	F. W. Crosby, '91.
E. P. Whitman, '92.	Raymond Whitman, '92.
W. M. Duane, '89.	John B. Blood, '90.

FIRST BASSOS.	SECOND BASSOS.
Francis G. Howard, '91.	Harold B. Roberts, '90.
E. A. Emery, '90.	F. G. Coggin, Jr., '91.
W. B. Trowbridge, '91.	C. M. Tyler, '91.
W. L. Creden, '90.	H. J. Schlacks, '91.
	H. L. Johnson, '92.

LEADER.	ACCOMPANIST.
A. H. Adams, '90.	G. N. Calkins.

The Junior Quintet Club, composed of Philip Harvey, F. W. Swanton, H. P. Spaulding, J. A. Meyer, and G. N. Calkins also appeared, and rendered four selections very creditably. Following is the programme:—

"Soldier's Chorus" . . . . .	Gounod's Faust.
"Marche Militaire" . . . . .	Schubert.

QUINTET CLUB.

"Imogene Donahue" . . . . .	
-----------------------------	--

SOLO BY MR. CROSBY.

{ a. "Cosi Fan Tutti" . . . . .	Mozart.
{ b. "Polonaise" . . . . .	Schubert.

QUINTET CLUB.

"Sunday-school Scholar" . . . . .	
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SOLO BY MR. EMERY.

R. R. R. . . . .	J. K. Paine.
------------------	--------------

SOLO BY MR. H. B. ROBERTS.

"Robin Adair" . . . . .	D. Buck.
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QUARTET.

"Skating Song" . . . . .	
--------------------------	--

YODLE BY MR. RAYMOND WHITMAN.

Allegro . . . . .	Pleyel.
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QUINTET CLUB.

"Schneider's Band" . . . . .	J. A. Mundy.
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Technology has not been better represented for several years than by the club which she now has; and the club at large, and Mr. Adams in particular, is to be congratulated on the excellence of the entertainment given thus early in the season. The especial advantages which this year's club has over its predecessors, is in the addition of the Quintet Club, and the excellent yodling of Mr. Whitman. The programme, as a whole, was well rendered; Mr. Emery's solo, Mr. Whitman's yodle in the skating song, and the club work given

in the opening selection, being especially noticeable. The Quintet Club played well throughout, and showed very good execution in their last piece. The Club will probably give more concerts this year than has been the custom previously, and it certainly deserves the hearty support of the students. The Boston concert will take place the last of the present month.

A man by name of Theo. Heydenfeldt, alias Wieland, has been traveling over the country for the last two years at the expense of the alumni of the different colleges. He passes himself off as an old instructor in your college, and wants to return, but is out of funds, and shows letters from professors of your *Alma Mater*. He has just been caught in Chicago by a Tech. man, after getting the price of a fare from Chicago to Boston. He was forced to leave counterfeit letters from professors of Tech., Yale, Columbia; Cornell, and Harvard, and has lived for the last two years in this way; one time in the East wanting to go West for his health, and at another time West, wanting to go East.

It was late in the afternoon of a chilly March day, when THE TECH man, wandering about the corridors in search of news, bethought himself of the mechanical heart of our little universe. So shouldering his pencil, he descended the corkscrew stairs, whistling a merry tune meanwhile. Chancing to hear some noise beneath his feet, he stealthily crept toward the iron door that shuts off the boiler-room from the cotton machinery. Opening the door carefully, he heard the dulcet strains of a banjo floating musically upon the air. A few steps farther, and he was standing before a sumptuously spread table, around which were seated six grimy fellows. Their bill of fare was as follows: Ham sandwiches, biscuits, with currant jelly, doughnuts, frosted cake, oranges and apples, lemonade, turnovers, and coffee. After this substantial meal was finished, four lively sprinters took their

places side by side at the line for a 150 yards on the flat with a turn. The finish was wildly exciting, and Mr. Lauder was the winner by a narrow margin. Mr. Bulkley stood in a good place, and had he not tried to reach the New Old South Church at the turn, he might have won. The afternoon was finished by a grand minstrel show by some of the bright lights of '89, and the boiler test was declared a great success. Many thanks are hereby extended to Mr. Hobart, through whose kindness the lunch was furnished.

The '89 annual Class Dinner will take place to-night, at Young's Hotel. It is intended to make the last dinner a "he" one. Mr. Mauran is to be toastmaster.

The Senior and Junior "Generals" were subjected to a "quiz" upon the "History of the Renaissance Period," Friday, March 22d.

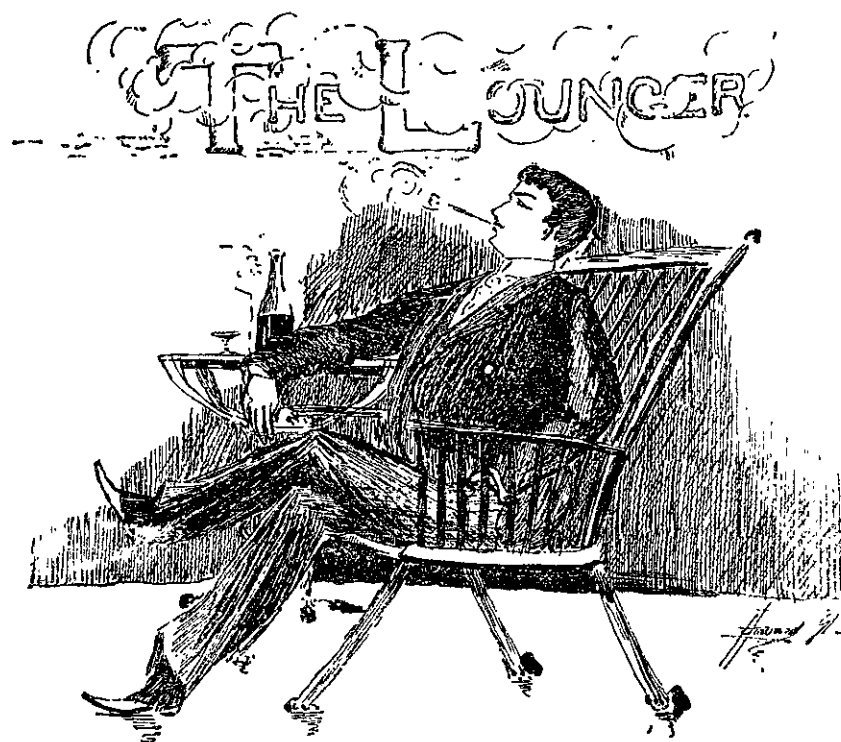
The Senior Electrical Engineers had an examination in Railway Signals recently.

Mr. Eliot Holbrook, S. B. Class '74, and Gen. Sup't Pittsburg and Lake Erie R. R., has recently given a series of lectures to the third and fourth year students in Civil Engineering, on the "Organization and Maintenance of Way of Railroads," and on "Yards, Stations, and Sidings."

These lectures were particularly valuable as coming directly from a man remarkably successful in his department of engineering.

Mr. Holbrook is to give another series of lectures later in the term.

Mr. William C. Cushing, M. A. S. B., Class of '87, who since graduating has occupied the position of Assistant Engineer Maintenance of Way on the J. M. and I. Ry. at Louisville, Ky., has recently been appointed Engineer Maintenance of Way for the Cincinnati and Muskingum Railway Co. (one of the lines of the Pennsylvania Company), with headquarters at Zanesville, Ohio.



HAVE you tried to "drive the pigs," yet? If not, why not? It is great sport. Beats the famous "fifteen puzzle" all hollow. If you haven't tried it, just invest in a "pig pen" and some "pigs," and start in. You will have lots of fun, and won't lose anything by the operation,—except your patience. But don't be too ambitious and make the mistake which almost everybody does, of getting too many pigs to start with. Get about three or four. You will find that taking care of four pigs is anything but a "snap." The Lounger undertook to pen seven of them the first time he tried it. He chased the blamed things around for two solid hours, and then, in a moment of temporary insanity, killed one of them. This helped matters to such an extent that he slaughtered two more, and then settled down with the doggedness of despair to pen the other four. What? Oh, yes; it's easy,—when you know how. Get one; you'll enjoy it.

N. B.—If you can't get one at the stores, the Lounger will sell out at reasonable figures.

Second-year Miner, translating: "Gingen sie in die Berge und fuchten Erz;" "They went into the mountain and dug brass!"

The big Institute dinner promises to be an especially notable occasion in Technology's long list. It will be an affair which no Tech. man, who can possibly spare the time and money, should miss. It will be something to be remembered. Those who attend will look back upon it when other

events in their social life at Tech. are forgotten, and those who do not go,—well, the Lounger ventures to prophesy that they will pass the remainder of the term in wishing that they had. Think of it! Five hundred Tech. men at a Tech. dinner! Toasts and speeches by the best post-prandial orators in the Institute! (and there are some good ones.) Singing by the Glee Club (and later on, by everybody). If the Seniors decide to make their class dinner and this dinner one, there will be the additional treat of witnessing the fun-provoking customs of the annual Senior dinner. Last, but not least, an orchestra, stationed in that handsome balcony, will “pour billows of melody” over everything, and taking it altogether there will be “just an elegant time.” Let’s all go, and give ’89 a send-off, and help to grandly inaugurate a custom, which, occurring, as it will, at the end of the course, will help Tech. men to carry away a still pleasanter memory of their last days at their *Alma Mater*.

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#### EXCHANGE GLEANINGS.

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It costs from four to twelve hundred dollars a year to send a boy to college. The money invested in the four-hundred-dollar boy yields the greater returns.

Fifty United States Senators since 1790 have been Yale graduates.

The cost of the United States census has steadily increased from about \$44,000 in 1790, to \$6,000,000 in 1890. A little book of fifty-two pages was issued a hundred years ago; the next census will require at least nine large volumes. In 1790 the population was 3,929,214; the estimate for 1890 is 64,000,000.

Courtney, who is coaching Cornell’s crew, says he will charge nothing for his services if Cornell does not defeat Yale.

At the meeting of the Williams College Athletic Association, Saturday, March 23d, two records were broken. Crook, ’90, broke his record of 4 ft. 11 $\frac{3}{4}$  in., which was the amateur record of America, by jumping 5 ft.  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. The College record in the running high jump was also broken.

Here is something that Tufts students may well take pride in. Some time since, a member of one of the societies was making arrangements for a dinner at Young’s, when the clerk asked him if he was from—well, from a college not a hundred miles from Boston,—saying at the same time that if he was, he didn’t care to make any arrangements for the proposed banquet. On learning that the student was from Tufts, the clerk was most happy to serve him, and said that the occupants of the hotel had never suffered any annoyance from the gatherings of the Tufts boys.

It is said that one of the instructors calls in the aid of an assistant in order to detect students of cribbing propensities. The way of the snap-hunter is hard.

Forty-one books have been published by Yale professors within the last seven years.

The Sophs. are exceedingly English, don’t-cher-know! Awful lot of “flunkies” among them.

Stagg, the Yale pitcher, has received a letter from Melbourne, Australia, asking him to come to their city as a minister, and as a baseball expert.

The Yale University crew averages about 171 pounds.

The New York *Sun* has 30 college graduates on its staff.

In a lecture before the students of Dartmouth College, last week, Eli Perkins said that Hanover might be described as Albany was in 1800: that “the town has 1,500 beautiful houses and 2,500 cultured people, mostly with their gable ends to the street.”

A glance over the following statement, taken principally from the *Tuftonian*, will show what an enormous amount of money has been left by generous and wealthy men for educational purposes. The list only comprises a few of the most well-known bequests, and must be taken not as complete in itself, but as an indication of what has been done:—

Senator Leland Stanford, toward founding a university in California, has given an estate valued at \$20,000,000.

Johns Hopkins to Johns Hopkins University, \$3,148,000.

Asa Packer to Lehigh University, \$3,000,000.

Cornelius Vanderbilt to Vanderbilt University, \$1,000,000.

Stephen Girard to Girard College, \$8,000,000.

John C. Green and residuary legatees to Princeton College, \$1,500,000.

Ezra Cornell to Cornell University, \$1,000,000.

Isaac Rich to Boston University, property worth \$1,700,000. (This suffered a depreciation of \$1,000,000, owing to the great fire.)

Mr. Clark, for founding a University in Meros, to bear his name, \$1,000,000.

Amasa Stone to Adelbert College, \$600,000.

W. W. Corcoran to Columbian University, \$1,700,000.

Benjamin Bussey to Harvard, \$500,000.

Samuel Williston, Samuel A. Hitchcock, and Wm. J. Walker, each, to Amherst, between \$100,000 and \$200,000.

Whitman Phoenix to Columbia College, \$640,000.

J. B. Trevor to Rochester Theological Seminary, \$179,000.

Matthew Vassar to Vassar College, \$800,000.

Gardiner Colby to Colby University, \$170,000.

Gardiner Colby to Newton Theological Seminary, \$100,000.

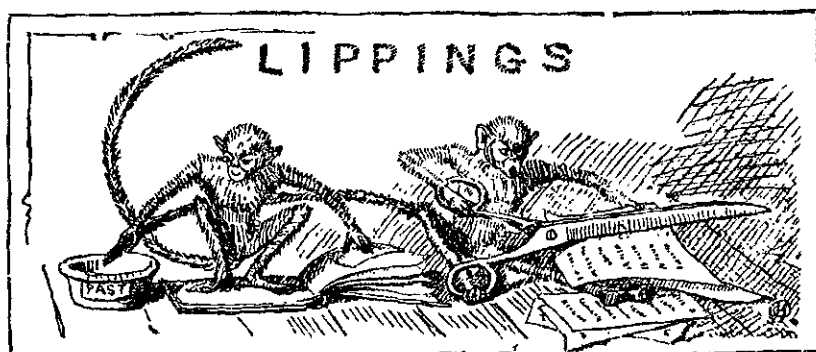
J. B. Colgate to Madison University, \$300,000.

George I. Seney to Wesleyan University, \$450,000.

The Crozer family to Crozer Theological Seminary, \$300,000.

Henry Winckley to several New England schools and colleges, \$200,000.

Dr. Wm. J. Walker to Massachusetts Institute of Technology, \$325,000.



#### MY BEATING HEART.

'T was not a maiden's lovely eyes,  
'T was not her winning smile so sweet;  
Nor yet her soft, melodious voice—  
These did not cause my heart to beat.

The time was half-past twelve at night,  
The card-room at the Club, the place;  
My heart beat, well—because, you see,  
It happened that it was the ace. —Puck.

#### TWO SCENES.

##### I.

##### Poetical.

In the sunlight brightly glancing,  
With her dainty form entrancing,  
A figure for which corsets are all bosh,  
Like a fairy in a fable,  
Flits my pretty little Mabel;  
For my Mabel dear is hanging up the wash.

##### II.

##### Practical.

To the pawn-shop he is walking,  
All the gayety seems mocking,  
And his spirits are not at their wonted notch;  
For, through fiendish luck at poker,  
He is going to the broker,  
And the student sad is "hanging up" his watch.  
—Yale Record.

#### POOR CUPID.

Of late, 'mid other bits of news,  
We often can discover,  
The suicidal taking off  
Of some unhappy lover.

Poor Cupid seems unable quite,  
To harm a modern suitor,  
Unless he puts his bow aside,  
And gets a seven-shooter. —Record.

#### SHE ASKED TOO MUCH.

Mr. Smith: M-m-miss El-s-s-sie, I l-l-l-love you.

Elsie: Oh, Charlie! say it again.

Mr. Smith: I c-c-c-can't.—Time.

## LOOKIN' TOWARD' MARI'.

Two lips jus' like a cherry,  
 A laf' what's jolly, merry,  
 An' eyes like th' blackberry,—hed Mari'.  
 A winsome kind of a way,  
 And a tongue thet used to say  
 Things es sweet es new-cut hay,—hed Mari'.  
 I love her same as the sky  
 Loves the birds what in it fly;  
 And oh! don't I wish I,—hed Mari'!



## LOOKIN' AT SI.

He knows I like him well,  
 But he's kind o' 'fraid to tell  
 All thet in his heart does dwell,—my Si.  
 He's es bashful es a rose  
 Thet in shady mosses grows,  
 An' he don't half dare "propose,"—my Si.  
 I shall keep up work with vim  
 Till the settin' sun grows dim;  
 But he knows it is for him,—I sigh.

M.

## 'T WAS EVER THUS.

A gallant oyster loved a sponge  
 In the depths of the dark blue sea,  
 And the sponge which the gallant oyster loved  
 Was as fair as a sponge could be.

But the sponge the oyster's love disdained,  
 With a manner most cold and curt:  
 To feel that his love by a sponge was spurned  
 Did the pride of the oyster hurt.

Fate came at last: the sponge caught cold,  
 And she died of memb'rous croup;  
 While the gallant oyster, who loved the sponge,  
 Found he was in the soup!

—Williams Weekly.

And so brandy can be distilled from sawdust.  
 We are friends of temperance in college and  
 out of College, but what chance has it when  
 an impecunious student can take a rip-saw and  
 go out and get drunk on a fence rail.

## A LOCAL SUCCESS.

*Ed*: I hear Billy was very brilliant at Smith's  
 reception last night.

*Al*: Yes, indeed. He sat down on a box  
 of fusils that he had in his swallow-tail, and the  
 girls had to pour ice-cream on him to put out  
 the flames.—*Time*.

*Employer (to new clerk)*: This package of  
 money you've just counted is two five-dollar  
 bills short.

*New Clerk*: How do you know? You said  
 you hadn't counted the money.

*Employer*: I said that to test your honesty.  
 I hardly know what to do about it.

*New Clerk*: I can help you out: you take  
 me into partnership, and I'll do the stealing  
 for the firm, and you can do the lying, and  
 we'll make things hum.—*Texas Siftings*.



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Waterproofs, for storm, for street, for traveling. The latest London production, \$7.50 to \$45. English hold-alls, steamer wraps and rugs, at Noyes Bros.

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Sleeping suits, and long night shirts, made from the best English flannels, cheviots, oxfords and silk, for steamers, sleeping-car, yachting or hunting, at Noyes Bros.

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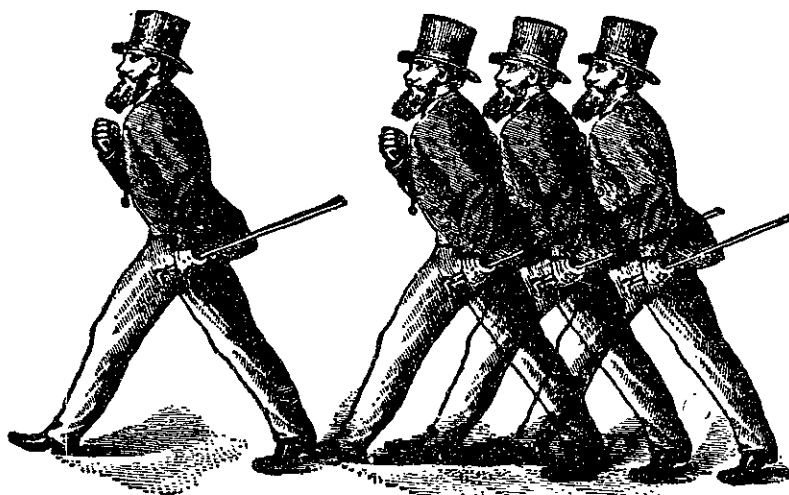
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Amiable Girl.—Hopeful Youth.—“Is your sister at home, Dick?” Little Dick.—“I guesso.”—“I—I wonder if she'd like to have me call again so soon?”—“Of course. You ain't any different from all the other fellers, an' she never gets tired of them.”—*Philadelphia Record.*

Christian Scientist.—“Have you ever tried faith cure for your rheumatism?” Patient.—“Yes; I'm trying it now. I've got in my pocket the left hind foot of a graveyard rabbit that was killed in the dark of the moon, and I do believe it's helping me.”

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